

Life



OCTOBER 25, 1923

Our Dumb Friends

PRICE 15 CENTS

MINNEAPOLIS MINN



"Quick, WATSON, the FOUNTAIN PEN!"

"WHY, my dear Holmes, what can have brought you out of your retirement like this?"

"Perfectly simple, doctor; I have just observed something that looks like a coupon in the corner of this page, and I rather think that if I send it with a dollar, as the Americans call it, to 598 Madison Avenue, New York, I'll discover the neatest Trial Subscription a clever weekly publication ever offered."

"Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!"

"Elementary, my good Watson; will you please to

look at the notorious gang they have operating for them:

C. COLES PHILLIPS
F. X. LEYENDECKER
EDWARD S. MARTIN
ROBERT C. BENCHLEY
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
GLUYAS WILLIAMS
MONTAGUE GLASS
PERCY L. CROSBY
BAIRD LEONARD
et al.

"With that group coming to you every week for 10 weeks for \$1, I deduce that the Trial Subscription must be good."

HOLMES, as usual, was right; the worth of our trial offer cannot be measured even with a Scotland Yardstick. We're ready to prove it when you are.

Life

LIFE
Detective
Bureau
598 Madison Ave.
New York City

Herewith a retaining fee of \$1 (\$1.20 in Canada, \$1.40 in Europe) for which put me on the trail of your Trial Subscription. I can furnish you with the following clues about myself:

302
Name.....

Address.....
One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

The Bok Prize

Hickory, dickory, dock!

A radio message from Bok—

Hark to the hue and cry!
The world is all awry.
A hundred thousand guilders
To the international builders
Who can make a plan so wise
As to win my generous prize!

It must settle reparations,
Side-step the League of Nations,
Yet keep the big and little states
within their several stations;
Must fund the debts and pay the bets
And satisfy the various "vets,"
Their kith and kin and all their inter-
national relations;

Must find a way for Poincaré
To leave the Ruhr without delay,
Demobilize his men and then
dispatch them on vacations;
Must stabilize the German mark,
Must stop the Prussian dachshund's
bark,
And stamp out every smoldering spark
that kindles conflagrations.

*Hickory, dickory, dock!
Ah me! the prize of Bok.*

The best-laid plan of any man
Who calls himself American
At Washington must win or lose
the Senate's commendations—
And there are those who will oppose,
from all the indications.

But hark to the hue and cry!
The world is all awry,
And America must wake and try
to sense her obligations,
Set right the Senate clock,
And fix the signal block,
And give the open right of way to the
Peace
prize
plan of Bok.

H. K. R.

The Confessions of a T. B. M.

I AM not bald-headed, and do not
care to watch musical comedies from
the first row. In truth, I do not
care to watch musical comedies at all.

I do not attend cabarets every
night of my life, nor do I know all
the latest dance steps. I detest the
sound of Jazz.

By the time I arrive uptown, I am
usually so exhausted that I had far
rather go to bed after dinner than do
anything else I can think of. But,
alas! I must play the absurd part that
has been written for me and simulate
a gay dog, a cutter-up, a high-stepper.

Thus is the nightly razzle-dazzle of
the town laid at my door—my door,
which, had I my own say in the mat-
ter, would be securely locked and
barred to all, once the curfew had
told its gentle ding-dong.

C. G. S.

You know what Napoleon said about the last quarter of an hour!

HE SAID it is the last quarter of
an hour that wins battles. In
some cases, of course, it takes three-
quarters of an hour. Napoleon was
speaking of the spirit that wins
rather than of the time it takes.

The Toasted Process, for ex-
ample, takes 45 minutes, but it's
just that last 45 minutes that seals
the flavor in and gives **LUCKY
STRIKE** the true plantation tang
of fine tobaccos. It costs a fortune,
but it saves the flavor.

And that's worth three-quarters
of an hour!

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

**CHANGE TO THE BRAND
THAT NEVER CHANGES**



PACKARD

SINGLE-SIX

It has to be a pretty good Yankee car that can overcome my initial prejudice; but when after doing that it contrives to fill me with an uncontrollable lust for possession, then I can assure you it is something right out of the common rut.

The Single-Six Packard costs (in England) something under nine hundred pounds, and is, in my humble opinion, as near being the very best car in the world as makes no difference. This is heavy praise, I know, but it can't be helped—I must speak as I find.

If I had leisure and one of these cars, I would like to drive it round Coventry and Birmingham and Manchester, and other places where motors are mostly made, and take British managing directors out for a run, just to show them, you understand.

The plain fact is that this is a car in which I simply cannot find a fault.

It is as docile as an angel, but goes like the very devil. It is supremely well sprung, it is uncannily silent, it is a miser on petrol, it steers no heavier than a wisp of cigarette smoke, it climbs like a chamois—

in short, it just does anything that it should, and does most things a good deal better than you would think possible.

Mind you it is not one of these undergeared contraptions, for without any fuss or flurry it will do its modest seventy on the level, nor has it got a huge engine, yet it will do White Hill, Henley, with four up, at a minimum of twenty-five miles an hour. The Hindhead brings it down to about fifty-five! The Single-Six is, of course, not to be confused with the Twin-Six.

Yes, believe me, people, the six-cylinder Packard is a very wonderful car indeed. I wish it were made in this country, and I can't for the life of me see why it shouldn't be, though owing to the higher cost of raw material over here it would naturally come out more expensive.

I heartily wish the Packard were British.

It is easily amongst the first half-dozen best cars in the world, at a figure which has hitherto been associated with, comparatively speaking, mediocrity.

—Reprinted from *The Tatler*, London, England; issue of April 11, 1923



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Life

Elizabethan Ditty

MY Mistress hath an aureole
Of gold about her head;
Her creeping tresses steal my soul
And leave a pain instead.
And now with snow she heaps her hair
The bucks and beaux to stun—
But though with powder she is fair,
She's fairer still with none.

My Mistress parts her scarlet lips
Like roses opened new,
And he is deified who sips
Their yet ungathered dew.
And though at times may envy hint
A hue from pigments won,
They're sweet with art's cosmetique tint,
But sweeter still with none.

My Mistress goes in satin gown
And coif of cobweb lace,
And lesser beauties of the town
Are shadowed by her grace;
O wondering mortals, make your oaths
Ere this my hymn be done,
Though she be lovely in her clothes,
Down derry, derry-down!

Ted Robinson.



*Little Girl (from New York):—MUMMY, WHO LIVES IN THESE TOWNS?
Mother: OH, PEOPLE'S RELATIONS, DARLING.*



"HAVE YOU STILL GOT THE SAME CHAPERON YOU HAD LAST YEAR?"

"NO, MY DEAR. I WORE THE POOR OLD THING OUT. NOW I'VE GOT THREE WORKING IN EIGHT-HOUR SHIFTS."

The Great American Song

TAKE a heart. Bust it into slivers. Patch it together with the love of an Old Pal or Buddie. Strain the relations with "Now you're sorry, ain'tcha?" Sprinkle with Bluebirds and different States' names. Add plenty of pep and a dash of salt tears. Let dry and serve with a banana.

Petroleum from Fish

THE relation between oil and fish is well known. Oil-stock promoters spend their time looking for suckers, and records prove that their search has not been in vain. Many poor fish show their oil stock proudly to their friends, not realizing that the oil in the transaction is that extracted from their savings. The process is lubricated with the whale-oil soap so freely poured on by the promoters. The buyer later becomes aware that the lubricant really came from the sting-ray, especially as he notes the prickings of conscience that come on him like a rash when he finds he must go home and tell his lady-fish what became of the money. Oil is obtained from the human fish by a refined process, and that learned professor has tardily discovered what the poor fish also found out only after it was too late.

Overlooking a Bet

How the Associated Press Could Make Itself Really Quite Popular.

IF in its reports of the Governors' conference on Prohibition it would give a full account of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina.

If its accounts of the leading football games were accompanied by what the coaches really said to the players between halves.

If it would furnish the nation with Governor Walton's opinion of the Oklahoma Klan as expressed by himself unofficially.



Guide: AIM FOR HIS SHOULDER!

Excited Hunter: SHOULDER! IT'S HIS ANTLERS I WANT.

On a Fancy Dress Ball

I WENT to a fancy dress ball the other night. I was invited. Two friends were with me. We all hired evening clothes. We appeared as gentlemen. The disguise was perfect. No one knew us. One man was dressed as an eight-day clock. He said he had just run down for the week end. The host had a brass rail around his waist. He was clothed in copies of the *Police Gazette*. He said that was to make us all feel at home. We did.

One man was snooping all over the place. He stopped me and asked where he was. I didn't know. He laughed heartily and said he didn't either, but he thought he was near beer. It was a great joke. I think I will pull it some time. One lady was greatly concerned. She was dressed as Eve. She was afraid some one might ask her to leave. That would have been shocking. One man was intoxicated. He said he was a supporter of the Anti-Saloon League. He probably was. I believed him. Another was perfectly sober. He said he was a Senator. I think he was joking.

There was one man to whom every one bowed and said "Sir." He was dressed as a taxi-cab driver. That was an unfair advantage. A young English girl wanted to show her appreciation of American hospitality. She appeared as the Statue of Liberty. She was out of place. She was asked to leave. There were two twin brothers. One was dressed as Jesse James. The other as a New York policeman selling tickets for the police games. No one could tell them apart. I enjoyed myself. It was easy to peer through the disguises. I knew almost everybody. All but one. He said he was dressed as the Russian Government. Poor devil! Not a soul recognized him!

W. K. Ziegfeld, Jr.

Assurance

BE assured, I would not say it,
If I did not know it true.
Take it to your heart and weigh it—
I love no one else but you.

Mildred, Mary, Ann and Josie,

Ethel, Betty, Gertrude, Sue,

Rita, Mabel, Myrtle, *aussi*,

Never doubted—why should you?

J. K. M.



THE THREE-MILE LIMIT

Overheard at the Moron Club

THE whole trouble with the American farmer is that he hasn't kept step with the times. While production in other lines is being conducted on scientific principles, the farmer is growing crops in just the same old-fashioned way that his grandfather did."

"You said it. Why, these simple-minded hayseeds go along in their aimless way, raising so much wheat and other crops that they can't find a market, and have to sell their stuff below cost. Not having anybody to tell them how to run their farms, they produce so much that most of them are up to their ears in debt."

"What the farmer needs is to have his industry run by the bankers and financiers, same as the coal mines and railways are managed. Look at the price of coal, and freight rates. No low prices or reduced rates there. Incorporate the farms, with about twenty billion dollars of preferred, and twice as much common stock; and prices would be doubled. All it needs is a little of the high quality of brains that has made such a success of the coal and railway industries."

W. G.

FOR the Klan Kollege play:
"Ten Knights in a Tar-Room."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October
18th

Roused early by the painter, come to make the annual reparations, and he had a paper in his hand setting forth that he should do this and that about the premises, but saying naught about the blemish left by the removal of a scone, which two or three strokes of his brush would have set right, nor was he for touching it, neither, forasmuch as it was not nominated in the bond, so that I had to sound his chivalry in order to overcome his trades-union scruples. Lord! things are come to a pretty pass when gentlemen must wax almost flirtatious with artisans to keep their dwellings shipshape, and in spite of all the talk and printed matter, I know not whether capital or labor is in the right of it. There be two sides to every question, I daresay, but it would be easier on simple intelligences like mine own if their difference were not so extreme.... This day my servant Emilie did discover three gray hairs in my head, and adjacent, too, but after some reflection I resolved to regard their appearance as a phenomenon and not as a harbinger.

October
19th

A note on the morning post from Bob Whiting saying that my Samuel, who is in Chicago on business, had dropped in to see him, which he considered handsome inasmuch as Sam's wife could find no time to direct a scratch of her pen in his direction. And he wanted to know if there were any truth in Sam's statement that he was taking tea now for breakfast through the fear that coffee would keep him awake at the office.... All the day gone in shopping, and I did linger

long in Macy's basement, which fascinates me more than the Louvre, laying out an enormous sum on housewares which I shall bitterly regret on All Saints' Day, but I am helpless before novelties in dessert molds and mechanical chopping devices, albeit I know well that cooks relegate them to the rear shelves and proceed with a spoon and knife. Home barely in time for dinner, and with my feet so weary that I longed to follow the Biblical injunction about an offensive eye. Lord! I have spent so much time in the shops of late that when I ring our elevator now I glance up for a light to indicate which way it is going.

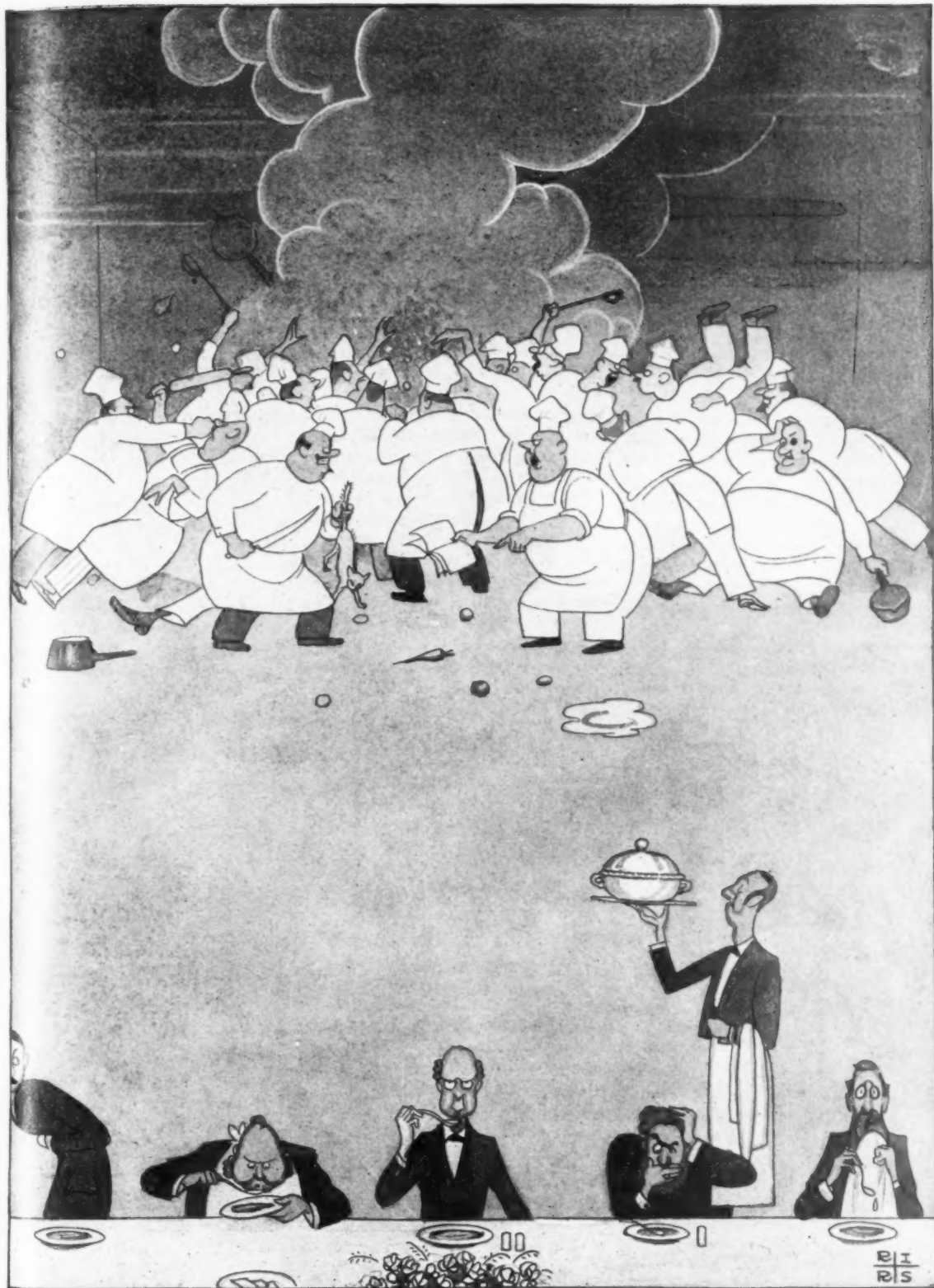
October
20th

Up betimes, somewhat dubious about the weather inasmuch as I could smell no chocolate, for when the wind comes from the direction of the Huyler factory, approaching rain is a certainty. So I stopped home until it was time to go to Charlotte Bishop's for luncheon, and there I found a great company a-ragging C. Farr, the surgeon, because he had never heard of F. Walton, the dancer, but I could see naught so astounding in that, and found it, in fact, so refreshing that I demanded to be placed next him at table. And Charlotte, before we fell to cards, did take me up to show me her new dog, Simon called Peter, and when I asked why she had given him such a name, she quoth, In order to award a handsome prize to the first who does not ask me the reason.

Baird Leonard.

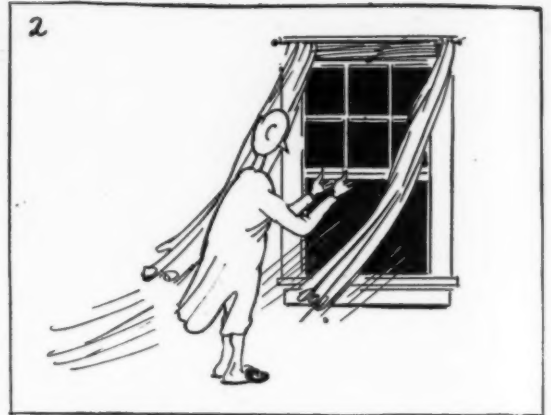
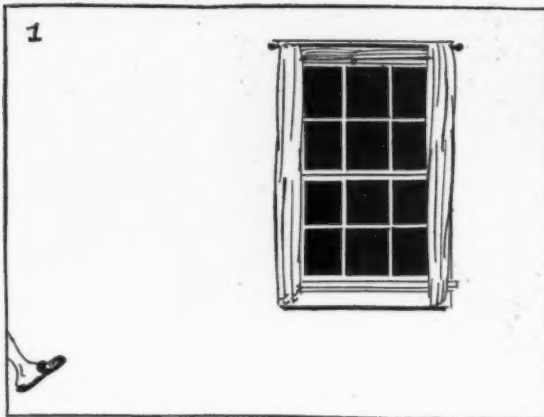


"SHE DIDN'T ASK MAMMA IF SHE COULD GO OR ANYTHING."



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY INVESTIGATE THE THEORY THAT TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH.



THE FRESH AIR FIEND

A Suggestion

THE world of business is undoubtedly an exceedingly well-conducted affair. So many of its members are rich—in fact, about all the rich ones have their business faculties to thank for their opulence. It is, therefore, somewhat presumptuous for an outsider, one who is removed both in practice and remuneration from that great, busy life, to suggest any changes in their obviously successful preoccupation.

The change I have in mind is radical, destroying at once the whole

system of business nomenclature. As it stands now there is a terrible lack of originality in firm names, a condition, in view of the natural reaction of business, well-nigh impossible to change. Therefore the best I can hope for is a shuffling-up of names, so that on reading a sign or an advertisement one will be struck by a sense of joyous surprise.

Let us make a tentative list embodying such a change:

The Acme and Eureka Cemetery.

The Purple Rabbit Caisson and Foundation Co.

The Mignon School of Boxing.

The Abattoir Florists.

The Marie Louise Garbage Disposal Co.

The Katz and Slomsky Ecclesiastical Vestment Co.

The Tiny Tot Mortgage and Loan Co.

The W. J. Bryan Lip Stick Co.

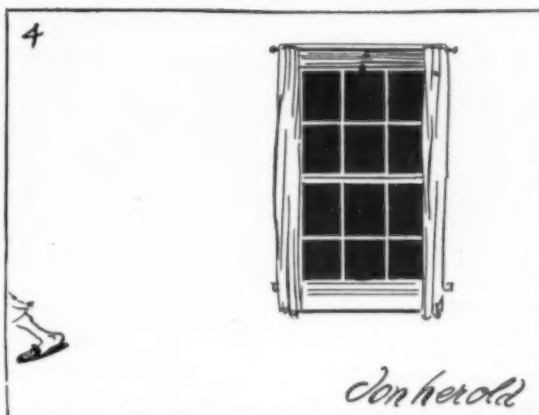
Any wet evening this list can be extended indefinitely.

I may add that anything I may get for this effort will be spent at The Pansy Bootleggers.

Rollin Kirby.



Professor Mudge: I CAN TOLERATE THE VERTICAL MOTION AND I SURVIVE THE LATERAL ACTION, BUT WHEN THE TWO COALESCE, AS IT WERE,—AND BECOME SPIRAL—I CUP-CUP-CAPITULATE.



Don Herold

When a Boy Thinks of His Mother

WHEN he is hurt.
When he is about to go to bed, his first night away from home.
When he is thirsty at night.
When he is hungry.
When he has good news to tell.
When he wants money.
When he attains honors.
When he hears something said against womenfolk.
When he sees a dog he would like to bring home.
When he would like to leave the baby and join the gang.
When he is losing in a family dispute.
When he thinks he is drowning.
When his mother is sick.
When he has grown to be a man.

Fabricated Fables

The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg

ONCE there was a very ordinary Man with a less-than-average Mentality married to a very ordinary Woman with a shy, receding Forehead. All he could earn was \$25.00 a week driving a Truck. They had a Son who was such a cute-looking little fellow that before he was eight years of age he was earning a Million a year in the Movies for his parents to spend.

Moral

The Screen is mightier than the Ford.

The Lion and the Mouse

ONCE a Lion found a Mouse using the end of his Tail as a Slide, and just as he was about to hand him One, the Mouse said, "Don't

knock me for a Row of Stilton, Mr. Lion, and some day I'll repay you." Sure enough, one of Ringling's scouts snared that Lion in the Forest one day, and while he was looking for a Packing Case, along came the Mouse and said, "Let me gnaw the Rope away and set you free." "Go to it," said the Lion, but it was Lipstein's Twin-ply Samoan Hemp and the Mouse couldn't gnaw a cent's worth.

Moral

Always study the label before you bite.

Lament of a Bachelor

WHY aren't they content to telephone?

They know I haven't a fireplace
And that some time,
When all is said and undone,
I shall have to spend hours
Tearing letters into fine shreds
(As they hope my heart is torn)
Against the remote possibility
Of their being read
By a garbage collector
Who can't speak English.

J. K. M.



Customer: HOW MUCH ARE THEM BATHIN' BEAUTY POSTCARDS, LEM?
Village Grocer: DUNNO AS I WANT TO SELL 'EM, ED—I
KINDA LIKE TO LOOK AT 'EM OF AN EVENIN'.

Direct from the Sting Dynasty

By George S. Chappell



H, Dick!" gasped charming Lucy Randall. "Stop, please. Do you mind?"

She looked at him anxiously as he slowly brought the car to a halt, his expression of momentary dissatisfaction gradually melting to one of resignation.

"Well, what is it?"

"We've gone by. Do you mind backing a little?"

He was a well-trained husband.

"There," she said, when the manoeuvre was completed. "Look...in that shop...wouldn't they be *adorable* on the dining-room mantel!"

"I feared the worst," he observed quietly.

"They" were a pair of single-tone Chinese vases, deep purple, overlaid with that smoky bloom known to the instructed as "scum of the pond," which is more beautiful than it sounds. Lucy had chosen shrewdly. It was Dick's favorite color, as she knew; and he didn't.

"They are good-looking," he conceded.

"They're simply stunning!...and exactly the right size. Oh, Dick, let's ask about them."

She assumed his concurrence by slipping from the car, and he followed.

"Three hundred dollars!" She gasped when, a moment later, they stood outside the shop after a brief interview with a very top-lofty salesman.

"It's all rot," he snorted. "What are they, after all?—a couple of jugs!"

"But they're old," urged Lucy. "What was it he said? Ming, or something?"

"Sting or Stung dynasty," was his comment.

But the lure of beauty had caught them. Fascinated, they gazed through the window. Lucy's face was rapt, soulful.

"I can just see them in place," she murmured.

"Come on, let's get out of this," he said. "It's dangerous!"

She detected a ray of hope in this admission.

"Do you suppose we ever could?..." she asked as they drove away.

"Now listen, Honey," he warned, "don't go jumping into things. Just because that pale, pink person was so snifty doesn't mean that he can't be reasoned with. This is mid-season. In a few weeks people will begin going back to town and you'll find Mr. Pretty in there will be ready to talk business. I'm a close buyer."

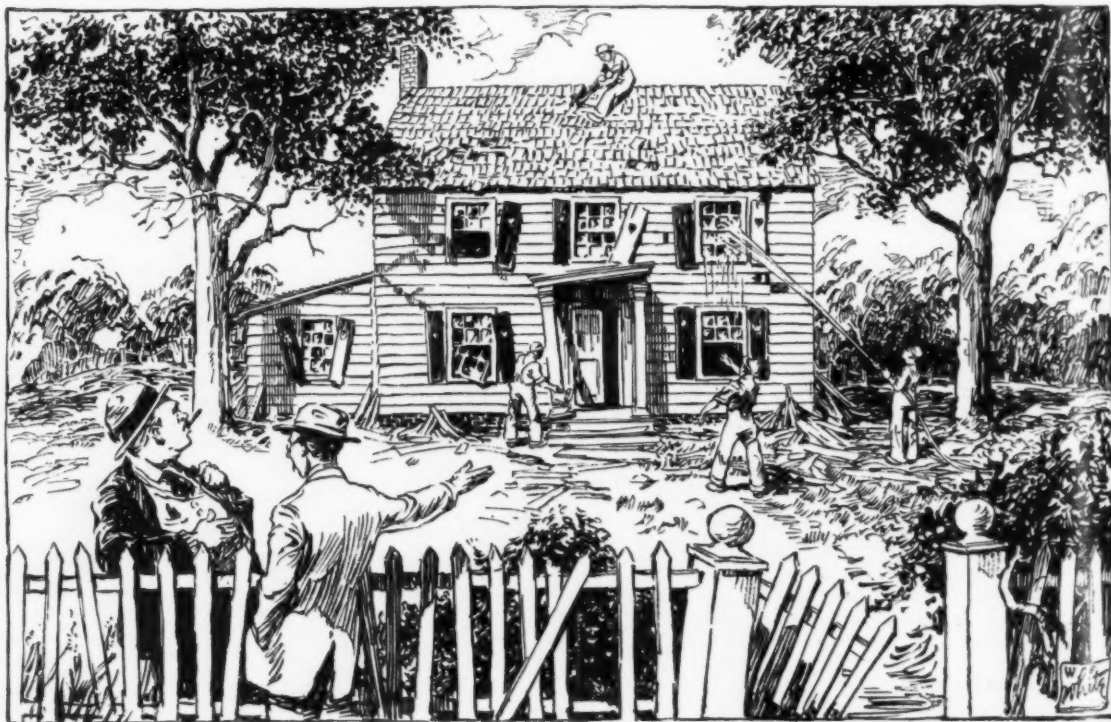
His face hardened into the grim look that filled her with a sort of despairful pride.

"But some one will be sure to buy them," she mourned.

"I don't know many three-hundred-dollar customers in Hyannis," he observed, "and most of the motors going down the Cape go through as if the devil were after them."

The summer waxed and waned; the city folk, one by one, packed up their belongings and departed. And the vases remained. On a cool September morning Dick slipped into the little

(Continued on page 27)



Passerby: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THOSE WORKMEN DESTROYING THAT HOUSE?

Real Estate Agent: WELL, YOU SEE, CITY FOLKS LIKE TO RECONSTRUCT ABANDONED FARM HOUSES—SO WE'RE GETTING THIS READY FOR THE MARKET.



WHEN THE TRAFFIC COP YAWNED



"WELL, WILLIE, WHAT ARE YOU GRUMBLING ABOUT NOW?"
 "I WASN'T GRUMBLING. I WAS JUST PRACTICING."

Confidence Is Everything

GEORGE BOND TRUEPENNY, our prominent Main Street banker, died recently. Banker Truepenny's death will prove a great loss to financial circles in Safety Center. He was the one man in whom our citizens had the greatest possible confidence in all matters relating to real estate values, mortgages, stocks, bonds and investment securities. Any widow who was left with a small inheritance or her husband's insurance never failed to take George Bond Truepenny's advice about investing her funds, and felt perfectly safe in doing so. He was always considered the financier *par excellence* of Safety Center. It was even rumored that railroad presidents, corporation executives and the presidents of great metropolitan banks would often consult the financial wizard of Safety Center. Indeed, his judgment in all money matters was regarded as infallible, and his advice invaluable.

However, the executors of Truepenny's will, on checking up the securities in his strong box at the Safety Center Security Bank and Trust Company, of which he was President for so many years, found the following listed among his personal securities:

500 shares of the Woodless Wooden Leg Manufacturing Company of America.

700 shares of the Glass Cross-Eye Corporation, manufacturers of glass cross-eyes for cross-eyed persons.

1,000 shares of the Insoluble Sole Leather Corporation for the manufacture of sole leather from sharks' skins. For two years the sharks took to deep water, and so skins were not obtainable and the project failed.

600 shares of the Madame Pompadour Mechanical Powder Puff Co., manufacturing a patent powder puff that applied the powder by means of compressed air. Compressed-air stations were too expensive to maintain in every drug store, and consequently the project failed.

There were several other investments of like character, and yet, in spite of these holdings, every one in Safety Center will tell you that the late George Bond Truepenny was a safe and conservative banker who could give the Wall Street crowd some fine points.

George W. Lyon.

Heaven Through Dry Eyes

ST. PETER: Give an account of yourself, sir.

APPLICANT: I broke all the Commandments, the Constitution of my country and seventeen Amendments trying to enforce the Eighteenth.

"Pass right in."

Life Lines

AN attempt has been made to indict Congressman Hill of Maryland because he made home-brew which possessed an alcoholic strength of twenty-five per cent. The trouble probably was that he never passed any of the stuff around.

The truth of the Prohibition matter is that the rich are getting as good liquor as ever, while the poor are getting poorer.

When it comes to holding world's series, New York begins to look like the Eternal City.

In calculating the cost of joining the Klan, one should take into consideration the kover charge.

Independent oil companies lost \$500,000,000 in 1922. But there has been no diminution in the proverbial birth-rate of suckers.

The Prince of Wales may be Lord of the Isles, but his title will be disputed by any head usher in the better movie houses.

Automobile manufacturers are now putting brakes on all four wheels. Absolute safety, however, will not be attained until some one puts a brake on the driver.

A total eclipse of the sun will be visible in Poughkeepsie in January, 1925. Special inducements will be offered to Vassar undergraduates to return from New York long enough to witness the phenomenon.

Filling in a possible gap between income tax blanks and miscellaneous questionnaires come football ticket applications.

Searching for the missing link, a party of American explorers recently traveled more than 10,000 miles. Corrected figures show that this was approximately 10,000 miles too far.

Promising Material

FOOTBALL COACH: What qualifications have you for quarterback? Can you dodge in an open field?

ASPIRANT: I have been a pedestrian in Detroit for sixteen years.



SHADES OF NOAH WEBSTER!

"My dear, last night I met the most divine egg I have ever witnessed. He's the porcupine's quills, all of them. He has the biggest shoulders, they're too cute for anything, and his nose and eyes are gorgeous, just gorgeous. Does he dance well? A regular St. Vitus, I mean to tell you. And not only that, my dear, he plays the saxophone like an angel out of heaven! He's the oil works, all right."

Observation

"THE trouble with most people," I was telling the assembled guests, "is that they fail to observe the natural, everyday things in life—the persons they meet, what goes on around them, the places they visit, the streets through which they pass—in brief, the thousand and one details

that contribute to make up one's daily existence. Observation," I added, "is unquestionably the most valuable of all qualities."

It was not till I had finished that I noticed that the entire gathering were asleep, save one member who had left the room.



"THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE, SIR, THAT WANTS TO SEE YOU ABOUT A BILL YOU OWE HIM. HE WOULDN'T GIVE HIS NAME."

"WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?"

"WELL, HE LOOKS LIKE YOU'D BETTER PAY IT."



OCTOBER 25, 1923

Vol 82. 2138

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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HEAVEN knows we have too many rules as it is and not enough observers of them, but still there ought to be a rule that no man or woman should have the use of the front page of

the newspapers for a divorce suit more than once. After the first divorce, parties ought to go inside the paper and leave the front page for news.

This suggestion is inspired by the great excess of current publicity allotted to the latest Stokes divorce case. There is no need to know so much in detail about Mr. Stokes. That he is matrimonially a hopeless case everybody knows who has read the papers for any considerable part of the last thirty years. Possibly there is a rising generation of newspaper readers just emerging from the grammar schools who do not know it. Possibly the front pages of the papers should be given up to Stokes divorce cases, the current one and those to come, so that these young citizens shall be informed. But really to us it does not seem so. Stokes belongs to pathology, not to news. The immense conspicuousness given to his unpalatable marital affairs is really an expression of opinion on public taste on the part of newspaper publishers which is far from being a compliment to the public.



LET us hope that Mr. Lloyd George has not undertaken a greater

program of public appearance and discourse than his strength and years are equal to, and that he will go away from this continent in at least as good order as he came. We want to know all that he thinks about Europe and its relations to the Western Hemisphere. Unlike Stokes he is worth the space the papers give him, but the demands on his energies are very great.

M. Clemenceau came here, was received with the cordiality that his great war services had earned for him, went about a good deal, talked to us a good deal, was much applauded and not much criticized. He went home improved in health, though whether his labors here had any other result except that they gave pleasure is debatable. Whether Mr. Lloyd George will accomplish anything in the way of affecting public sentiment one cannot tell, but he will give pleasure undoubtedly, and one would like to see him do at least as well as M. Clemenceau in the matter of going home refreshed in spirit and in body, and in better health than when he came.

To have such men as Clemenceau and Lloyd George come over here and go about is worth a good deal for its effects on them. They must derive some new impressions about current human life in going about as they do and seeing the people they do. They know the world the better for it, and it is highly important in these times to increase true knowledge of the current world in influential people. An observer gets something by personal observation and contact that he does not get from reading newspapers. We have quantities of news of Europe, but one story is contradicted by the next until we dare not depend upon our impressions. What M. Clemenceau picked up by observation and private talk he took home with

him. Mr. Lloyd George will take home another accumulation of knowledge of the same sort.



THERE are forty-nine statues in the room called Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington, and David Lind, the architect of the Capitol, is reported to be worried because the weight is already as great as the floor should sustain, and more statues are coming under the terms of the allowance of two to each state.

Mr. Lind's duty in this matter is very simple. It is to let the coming statues come, and let nature take its course. If in due time they all go through the floor together we must bear it as we bear other dispensations.

The alternative would be for Congress to give someone of taste and judgment authority to deal with the statues, and means to provide for them. Forty-nine of them huddled together in a room that might properly provide for six, or maybe twelve, are not a true ornament to the Capitol.

The state of Europe is comparable to the state of Statuary Hall. It is overweighted with troubles and more coming. The best ground for hopefulness is to be found in the expectation that pretty soon they will all go through the floor together, and that due proportion of them will not survive the crash.



PROFESSOR JOHN VAN

DYKE'S reflections on the validity of the existing Rembrandts have been received with interest but have not resulted in panic. Even though as many famous Rembrandts are bogus as he thinks, human life will still go on very much the same, and folks will even continue to go to museums. In a way, too, a copy of a Rembrandt or a painting by a Rembrandt pupil is a Rembrandt, since the manner and the mind of the master are reflected in it. The world would be more interested just now to know how many Christians are true examples of their Master's work, and which are not. That is quite important and is a matter of daily dispute. E. S. Martin.







Indian Summer



Quite a Lot of Talk

AFTER "Loyalties," Mr. Galsworthy's "Windows" comes as a distinct let-down. It is one of those comedies, played in rich old English dialects, where most of the characters talk throughout in conventional phrases for the purpose of being shown up at the end as being all wrong. This makes a very nice ending, but the preceding stretches are rather dreary.



FOR example, in order to show that unless we see clearly (that's the Window symbolism) we are likely to mistake our ideals for actualities, the young poet of the house (played by Kenneth MacKenna) has to refer, by approximately actual count, thirty-eight times to the fact that he fought in the war and that the things for which he fought have not come to pass. Miss Povah, who plays the unfortunate gel, is made even more, unfortunate by the author in having constantly to tell how unpleasant it is to be in jail for two years, especially if you happen to like the grass, flowers and trees. The young poet is also very fond of Nature (he gives Beauty a good word now and then, too), and between them they have just as tiresome conversations as if Mr. Galsworthy really meant it. That is the trouble with making your characters tiresome for a purpose. Until that purpose is made clear, they are just plain tiresome.



THEN there is the old window-washer who finds an analogy with life on every pane. Henry Travers makes him delightful and the author has given him the meat of the play for his portion, but there is nevertheless the feeling that the big servant problem on the stage today is that of keeping butlers, charwomen and men-of-all-work from reading Nietzsche and Hegel and talking about it during office-hours. One more philosophizing menial in a play and we will start a feudal movement to keep servants in their place.

Helen Westley, as the refreshingly reactionary mother, gives the best performance in her varied career of Theatre Guild characterizations. In fact, we are forced to admit that most of our complaint against "Windows" lies at the door of our favorite playwright. We say this with the hopeful reservation that possibly we have missed entirely the point of the play. That would make everything all right.

NOW in "Tarnish" it seems to us that Mr. Gilbert Emery has managed to bring home quite as old a message as that which "Windows" preaches, but in a way which makes you believe that you are listening to real people and not to the Althea Debating Society. Even the old silk-hatted satyr, *Adolph Tevis* (played, to our way of thinking, quite as he should be by Albert Gran), whose blossoming speeches are like those of no one we have ever heard, did not offend our sense of actuality in the slightest. We came away from "Tarnish" with the feeling of having seen the most genuine play of the season so far.

It is difficult for us to say just how good an actress Ann Harding is, owing to a failing we have of being favorably disposed toward any beautiful young woman on the stage. We think, however, that she has the makings of a very good actress. Tom Powers is another whose work we find it difficult to assay, because he seems such a pleasant young man personally.



CONSIDERABLE credit should go to Mr. John Cromwell, who, in his second venture into producing, saw something in "Tarnish" which many of the wise managers who know "what the public wants" passed up entirely. It is quite evident that the public wants "Tarnish," as it is one of the first sure hits of the season.



"CASANOVA" is at any rate beautiful to look at, and, if you happen to have a streak of sentimental romanticism which is stirred at the sight of an old beau coming back in twenty years to die at the scene of his conquest, it will give you a mellow matinee. Personally, we are very susceptible to this twenty-years-after stuff, and enjoyed "Casanova." We can understand any one's not being moved, however. It is—what is it you Americans say?—"a matter of taste."

We defy any one to look at Miss Katharine Cornell in her eighteenth century raiment and not be satisfied. Or to hear her in her eighteenth century cadences. Lowell Sherman brings to the character of *Casanova* certain mannerisms which would indicate that the cure which the young nurse gave him in "Morphia" last season was not entirely efficacious. He still bites his knuckles. We have always maintained that Mr. Sherman is one of our most finished light comedians, and yet he is always cast as a villain or a romantic lover. It is very discouraging.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Casanova. *Empire*—Reviewed in this issue.

Chains. *Playhouse*—A good, straightforward presentation of the ruined-girl problem.

Children of the Moon. *Comedy*—Effective moon-madness portrayed by an excellent cast, including Henrietta Crossman.

The Crooked Square. *Hudson*—You can't go wrong if you like hand-embroidered speeches delivered with all the seriousness in the world.

The Grand Guignol. *Frolic*—To be reviewed later.

Launzi. *Plymouth*—To be reviewed next week.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Florence Reed in a series of vitally shameful affairs. *Edipus Rex.* *Century*—Sir John Martin-Harvey's company, beginning October 25.

The Player Queen and The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed later.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—A bitter and dramatic exposure of the male, with Jeanne Eagles superb in the leading rôle.

Scaramouche. *Morocco*—To be reviewed later.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Helen Menken in a stagy drama of war-time Paris.

The Shame Woman. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed later.

The Swan. *Cort*—To be reviewed later.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—Reviewed in this issue.

White Desert. *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

The Woman on the Jury. *Eltz*—A speculation on what might happen if a wronged woman ever got her innings in a jury-box.

Zeno. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Concentrated melodrama.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Evidently America's favorite comedy and a very depressing thought it is, too.

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—Jolly old Cyril Maude in a hilarious British bit.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—Even without its notable cast (Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Laura Hope Crews, Reginald Mason and Geoffrey Kerr) this would be something worth seeing.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—Good, staple amusement, dealing with a revolution among wives.

Cymbeline. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Sothern and Marlowe in a little thing by Shakespeare or somebody.

The Dancers. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed later.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

In Love with Love. *Ritz*—Lynn Fontanne juggling several suitors in a charming manner.

The Jolly Roger. *National*—Romantic pirate doings.

A Lesson in Love. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Emily Stevens and William Faversham in excellent fare.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. *Belasco*—The incomparable Mrs. Fiske and splendid support. The play doesn't matter, does it?

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed next week.

Nobody's Business. *Klaw*—To be reviewed later.

Tweddles. *Frasce*—Light but pleasant Tarkington sketch, with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon.

Two Fellows and a Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Everyday conversation about love and marriage, somehow made entertaining.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Grant Mitchell in an uneven but eventually amusing farce.

Windows. *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—Richard Carle and Billy B. Van in old but sure stuff.

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Physiological exhibition, with now and then a dash of legitimate intelligence.

Battling Butler. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed next week.

The Courtesan. *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

Ginger. *Daly's*—To be reviewed later.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—John Murray Anderson's best, if not his most spectacular revue.

Helen of Troy. *N. Y. Times Square*—A good show, with catchy music.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—One of those.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Irene Bordoni's eyes.

The Magic Ring. *Liberty*—To be reviewed next week.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—The third in the series of Irving Berlin's dazzling offerings, this time with Frank Tinney as well.

Nifties of 1923. *Fulton*—William Collier and Sam Bernard in a show wisely devoted to their talents as comedians.

Nine O'Clock Revue. *Century Roof*—To be reviewed next week.

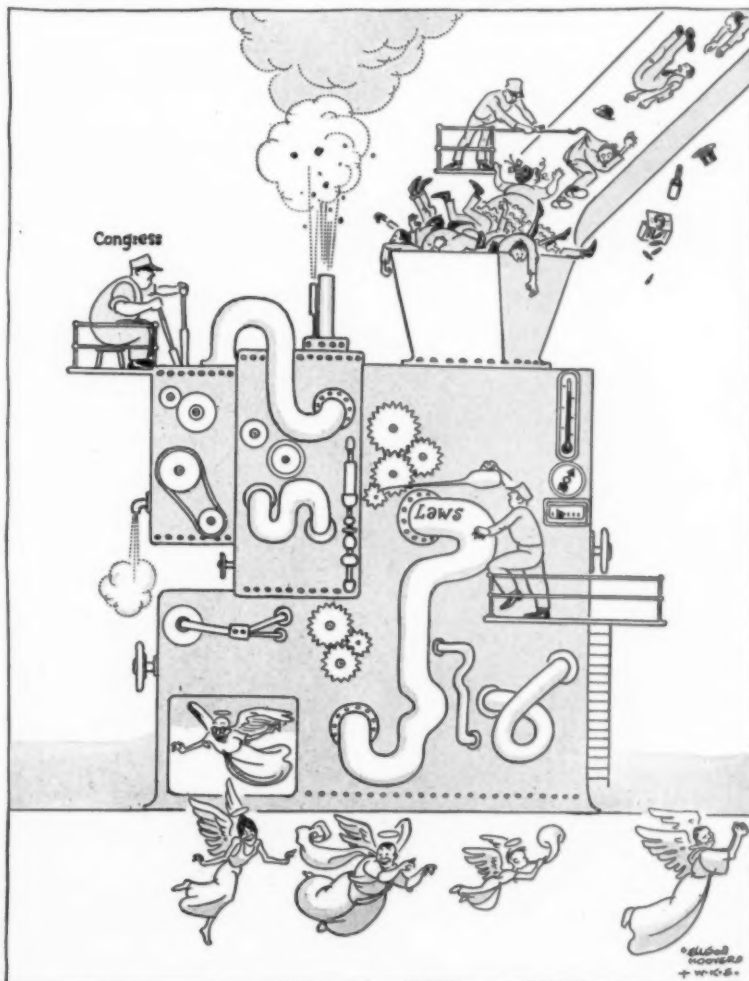
Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields making it a notable occasion.

Scandals of 1923. *Globe*—The best that Mr. George White has done yet.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Joe Cook, Jimmy Duffy, and others taking care of the plentiful comedy while Peggy Hopkins Joyce wears her pearls nicely.

Wildflower. *Casino*—For all who like a distinguished, and at the same time hummable score.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—To be reviewed later.



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Broadcastings

By Montague Glass



RECENT contribution to the See-how-much-I-know School of Fiction and Belles Lettres is Carl Van Vechten's "The Blind Bow-Boy." Gazing at Van Vechten one sees George Jean Nathan as through a glass darkly. There is the same procession of obscure composers, writers, manufacturers of perfume, French dressmakers, dramatists and painters. A few Spaniards are thrown in, because Van Vechten specializes in a knowledge of Spanish music and life, gleaned partly from personal experience but principally from the experiences of Havelock Ellis, Richard Ford and Arthur Symonds.

Mr. Van Vechten also fills a lot of pages in "The Blind Bow-Boy" by cataloguing the furnishings and decorations of rooms in the manner of Huysmans. There ought to be relief in equity against a writer who stems from so many former writers that his every book is a pastiche baffling even to members of his same

school. In form, it would be an action for an accounting both as to inspiration and royalties by the trunk authors from whom the defendant stems, *e.g.*—In the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York: Anatole France, Hilaire Belloc, François Rablclais, *et al.*, plaintiffs, against James Branch Cabell, defendant.

On the same calendar, one might find the firm of Mencken & Nathan doing business as James Gibbons Huneker's Successors, Limited, suing Van Vechten for unfair competition in that the defendant imitated their trade mark, manner of packing, and merchandise, particularly as to taste and odor, so strongly as to deceive the plaintiffs' customers, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable and the facts may warrant, more especially enjoining the ancient story of the tattooed sailor.

* * *

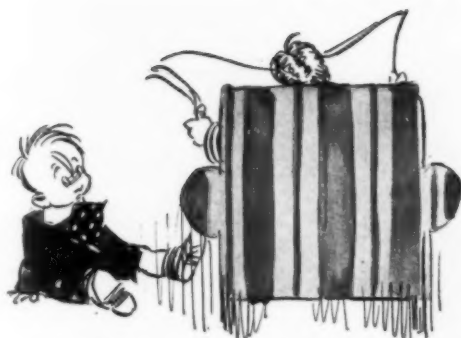
ONE might feel much more inclined to contribute to the quota for Japanese relief if the Japanese had not claimed in news dispatches

that Koreans set fire to Tokio after the earthquake. It is, of course, quite natural for the Japanese to believe that Koreans might seize such an opportunity for avenging their acutely real grievances against the Japanese. That fires invariably follow earthquakes was lost sight of by the Japanese. They could not help attributing the flames to Koreans with grievances rather than to earthquakes without grievances. It reminds one of a story told by George Marion about a Pacific Coast earthquake which found him lodging in a theatrical hotel. Directly above his room were the quarters of the Six Bounding Ginsburgs, who were accustomed to rehearse new features of their act just as George was finishing a good night's rest at ten in the morning. When the first earthquake shock occurred, George immediately sprang out of bed and ran to the phone.

"Give me the clerk!" he cried, and he was mentally composing a fine invective against the Six Bounding Ginsburgs, when they were completely
(Continued on page 29)



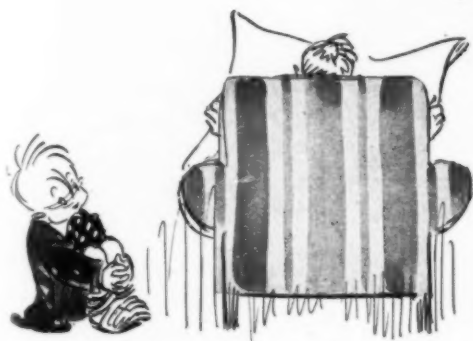
"DADDY, HOW BIG IS A WHALE?" "WHAT KIND OF A WHALE?"
"OH, A BIG WHALE." "HOW BIG?"



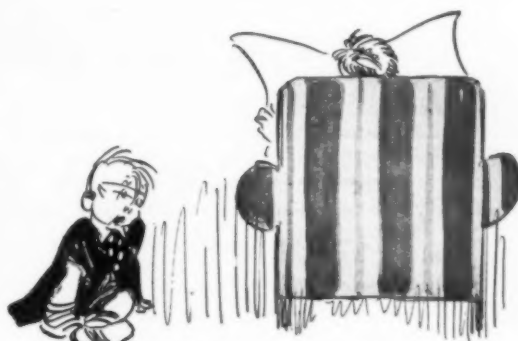
"PAPA, PAPA, IF I PRAYED AND PRAYED TO HAVE TO-MORROW MORNING CHRIS'MAS, WOULD GOD DO IT?"
"NO."



"WHY?"
"WELL, IT'S SHORT NOTICE, FOR ONE THING."



"WHEN YOU WAS A LITTLE BOY DIDN'T YOU USED TO COULDN'T WAIT FOR CHRIS'MAS?"
"MANY, MANY TIMES!"
"HOW MANY?"
"OH, IT DOESN'T MATTER—MANY TIMES!"
"I NEVER REPEAT THINGS OUTSIDE ANY MORE—HOW MANY?"



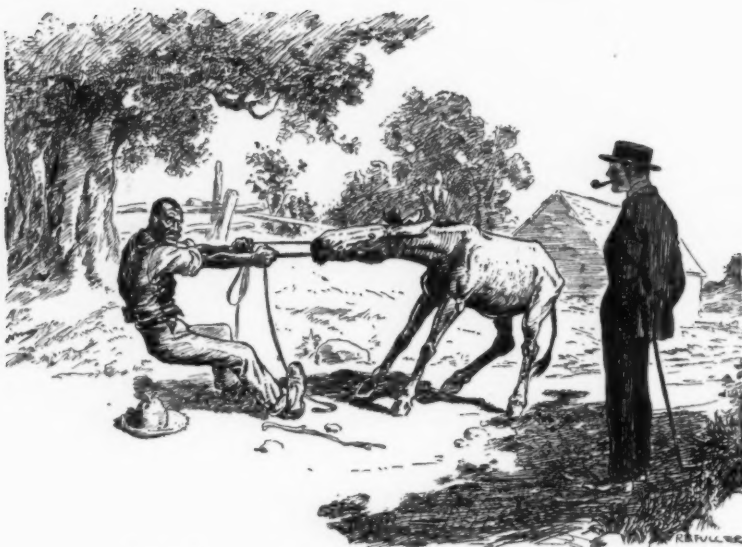
"OH, SAY FORTY-TWO!"
"FORTY-TWO! GEE, FORTY-TWO CHRIS'MASES, THAT'S A TERRIBLE LOT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN YEARS AND YEARS SINCE YOU WAS A LITTLE BOY. IS IT AWFUL TO BE OLD?"



"LOOK, PAPA! HERE'S FORTY-TWO PENNIES I SAVED. THINK OF SEEM' AS MANY CHRIS'MASES AS THAT—A FEW MORE'N YOU'LL BE AN OLD MAN."
"LISTEN HERE, YOUNG MAN! DO YOU REFER TO ME BEFORE THE BOYS AS 'MY OLD MAN'?"
"OH, PAPA, I NEVER DID! 'N'ANYBODY ELSE'D GET LEARNED BETTER."



"SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD BOY I'LL GIVE YOU A HALF-DOLLAR FOR THOSE FORTY-TWO PENNIES"
"WELL—ALL RIGHT—YOU COULDN'T MAKE THAT FORTY-TWO HALF-DOLLARS, COULD YOU NOW, HUH, PAPA?"



Bystander: WHAT'S THE ANIMAL'S NAME, RASTUS?
 "EMMA, SAH—NAMED AFTER MAH WIFE."

The New-Voes Have Discovered Their Ancestors

THE New-Voes have discovered their ancestors.

At least, they've hired some one who says that he has.

And they insist upon telling you the whole history of the family.

Of course, the whole history goes back several generations.

But it's all so interesting.

And so full of romance.

It sounds just like a fairy story.

Although it's very much more beautiful.

And many times more wonderful.

All their ancestors were such nice people.

And so delightfully simple.

In fact, much simpler than the New-Voes.

And they lived simply, too.

And did simple things.

So now the New-Voes have a crest.

And a very magnificent crest it is.

Diamonds rampant on a field of sapphires, set off by rubies and emeralds!

They designed it themselves.

It's a pity their ancestors can't see it.

Anyway, they've discovered them.

At least, they've hired some one who says that he has.

C. G. S.

Eggs à la Oklahoma

THE veteran waiter industriously polished the counter while the breakfast patron examined the bill of fare.

"Bring me some hot cakes and one egg, blindfolded," was the order.

Turning on his heel, the waiter lifted his voice in the direction of the kitchen.

"Stack o' wheats and Ku-Klux one egg!" he bellowed.

The Dinner Menu

As It Looks to a Dyspeptic

Too Proud to Quit

THE theatre manager after a week of a highbrow production consulted the colored doorman.

"Well, George, how is it going?"

"Better and better, sah! Fewer and fewer is leaving the theatre before the end of the show."

WHERE there's smoke there's somebody with a pull at the coal dealer's.



UNSPOKEN LINES

Prima Donna (to impresario): YOU MUST SPEAK TO THAT ELECTRICIAN; HE DOES NOTHING BUT PUT THE SPOTLIGHT ON ME ALL THE TIME.

A Moral Man

A MORAL man was Andrew King,
As pure as you could find;
He would not let the slightest thing
Contaminate his mind.

At dinner when you asked for
"breast,"
"Please stop it!" he would beg.
His chairs and tables all were dressed
With trousers on each leg.

What vulgar folk might call an
"arm,"

A "member" was to him.
A "leg" would fill him with alarm;
He spoke of it as "limb."

At salad he was always shocked
Without some dressing there;
He always kept his cupboard stocked—
He blushed to see it bare.

His spectacles had lenses blue;
He said, "I'd almost die
If ever I should have to view
Things with a naked eye."

To watch folks swimming in the sea
Would fill his soul with wrath;
It hurt his sense of modesty
To see them take a bath.



"WELL, I GUESS I KNOW HOW TO MAKE ONE NOW."

Once in a store he chanced to see
Some gloves marked, "Undressed
kid."

"This shock will kill me, sure!" said
he.

And sure enough, it did.

Newman Levy.

NORWEGIANS lure sardines by
electric lights. Our movie theatres
use the same system.

Furs for Fur's Sake

THE habit of wearing furs had a praiseworthy beginning some hundred thousand years ago when the climate and janitors were even more unreliable than they are now. In those days, it was fairly easy to obtain a fur coat. You simply rolled a boulder off a cliff and went down to see what kind of luck you had had. In fact, fur coats were so common that many people grew their own.

Of course, in time this went out of fashion, and husbands then banded together and formed the Hudson's Bay Company to appease clamoring wives. All went well for a while, until the selfish animals remaining decided they preferred to retain their own coats. Whereupon a great dye industry sprang up and husbands began to stay out late at night. The problem of the modern woman became one of how to have a fur coat and a husband at the same time.

The problem is not yet solved.

Notes Here and There

WILL-POWER and stubbornness are precisely one and the same thing. Which term to apply is merely a question of whether we refer to ourselves or to some one else.

As a frequenter of French table d'hôtes, we note that what may be one man's meat may be another man's poisson.

Can we properly call the new talking dolls "figures of speech"?

From our modern Bartlett: "Still waters run deep, but transportable liquor runs quicker."



A.D. Farnsworth

HOW IT FEELS WHEN YOU SIT ON A CAT

The Silent Drama

"Scaramouche"

GIVE a movie director a reputation, a substantial financial backing and a free rein and, sooner or later, he will produce a picture about the French Revolution. Above all other periods in the history of the world, the Reign of Terror is the director's delight.

Arabs streaking across the desert. Ku Klux Klansmen riding wildly through the night, blue-shirted U. S. Cavalrymen charging along a Western horizon—these are all very well in their way; but they are not to be compared, from the directorial point of view, with a mob of dirty, ragged, gaunt, fiery-eyed French revolutionists striding in mad disorder through the streets of Paris, and chanting the defiant "Marseillaise" as they go.

This uncouth crowd has seen service in many movies: "A Tale of Two Cities," "Passion," "All for a Woman" and "Orphans of the Storm." It now appears again in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche."

IT is not surprising that Rex Ingram has arrived at the French Revolution; he has been headed that way

ever since he produced "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Nor is it surprising that, given an opportunity to convey his ideas of the Terror, he should have done it in a skillful, pictorially effective and intelligent way.

With Rafael Sabatini's romantic novel as a basis, and with a cast of exceptional competence, Mr. Ingram has made a fine, stirring picture of "Scaramouche." He proves again that he is far more adroit in the manipulation of individual bits than in the management of mass effect; he has contrived innumerable touches, involving Ramon Novarro, or Lewis Stone, or any of the excellent minor players, which speak eloquently from the screen. He adds little, however, to the current knowledge of revolutionary mobs.

Ramon Novarro is splendid as Scaramouche himself, and George Siegmann gives a brilliant performance in the stalwart rôle of Danton.

THE statistics listed in the program of "Scaramouche" are extremely impressive, including as they do the startling announcement that over 200,000 buttons were used in the production.

I am unable to verify this statement, because when I had reached the 136,297th button I lost count.

"The Three Ages"

WHEN Buster Keaton saw D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" seven years ago, he probably resolved that some day, somewhere, somehow he would produce a picture of that type. At the time he was still an obscure performer in a vaudeville act, so that his lofty ambitions were necessarily shelved.

Now, however, young Master Keaton has become a star, bright enough to be graduated from the two-reel class and wealthy enough to make "Independent" productions of any length that he may desire. So he has realized his boyhood dream, and the *American Magazine* can chalk up

another victory for determination, go-gettiveness and clean living.

"The Three Ages," in which Buster Keaton tumbles through the Cromagnon period, the Roman era and the present day, is just about as incoherent as "Intolerance," and about fifty times as funny. Although one has considerable difficulty in following the weird meanderings of Buster's plot (if any), one has no trouble whatever in greeting his antics with a hearty laugh. Of the three ages, the cave-man part is easily the most comic.

BUSTER KEATON is one of the genuinely funny men of our time. Together with his nimble-witted director and gag-man, Eddie Cline, he has performed a service of incalculable value to mankind. He has helped to keep this much-molested human race in good humor, at a time when it has nothing but high taxes, United States Senators, coal strikes, banana shortages, wrong numbers and Signor Mussolini to think about.

Robert E. Sherwood.



RAMON NOVARRO IN "SCARAMOUCHE."



BUSTER KEATON IN "THE THREE AGES."



"THE GOBBLE-UNS 'LL GIT YOU EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT."

Boggs

I WONDER if you know Boggs. Surely you must. Perhaps under some other name. At least, you've met him. A most valuable acquaintance, Boggs; though it's quite true, I'd hardly care for him as a friend.

It's his point of view, his angle on life that really interests me. If he emphatically says not to see a certain play, I invariably go, and enjoy it immensely; if he suggests that I read a particular book, I make a definite point not to; if he tells me that I should like a thing, I am im-

mediately convinced that I should loathe it. In fact, I do precisely the opposite that Boggs would have me and, as yet, have never been disappointed. Our sentiments, our humors, our likes and dislikes are exactly diverse.

Every one has his Boggs somewhere, though we seldom realize his worth. The mistake so many of us make in at least one period of our lives is that we take Boggs for his face value, do just what he tells us, and then curse him for it afterward.

Charles G. Shaw.



All Wool and a Yard Wide

A Grand Rapids burglar is in the habit of going about with a fishpole and fishing clothes through windows while the owners sleep. The last time he got only a shirt, and he has been talking ever since about the trousers that got away.—*Detroit News*.

Cossack Dancing

Little Tommy, describing some Russian dancers he had seen, put it this way:

"They sat on nothing and danced."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The New Word

"What do they call it now when you live decently?"

"Inhibited, my dear."

—*Boston Transcript, from a play*.

SAILOR (with parrot): Can 'e talk! Lumme, lady, when 'e sings "The Willage Blacksmith," the sparks fly out of 'is bloomin' tail!—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.



Voice Heard at the Top of Swing:
CAN YOU TELL ME THE TIME, PLEASE,
SIR?

—*Pearson's Magazine (London)*.

Salute to Manhattan

Of course, as a true democrat, we hate New York with its vast wealth and swollen millionaires, and are loyal to poverty, the noble political virtues of insolvency, penury and belly-achery, and true to the sublime industry of whittling sticks all day at the crossroads grocery, but we must say that little old New York shines like a star in the night when a crushing blow falls upon the world.

—*George M. Bailey, in Houston Post*.

She Did Eat

"That feministic stuff of D. H. Soandso in the yellow paper makes me sick," said a San Francisco woman.

"Well, you don't have to read it," said her husband. "If it makes you sick, why do you pay any attention to it?"

"Because, you old goose, I want to see how sick it will make me."

—*Argonaut*.

Situation Wanted

"Looking for a job, Bill! I thought you had enough to live on."

"So I have, old thing, but not enough to pay my income tax with."

—*London Mail*.

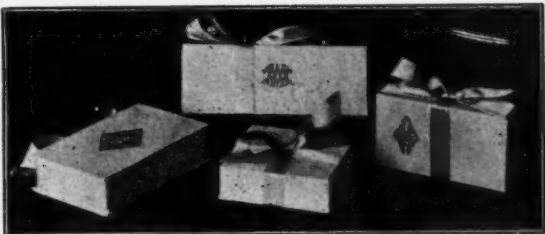
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SIMPLE ENOUGH

One Landlord (to another): MY JANITOR HAS FOUND A GOOD WAY TO ECONOMIZE ON COAL.

"YES?"

"YES, HE DOESN'T BURN ANY."



TANGOS

5¢

a Bunte-blended, chocolate covering, thick and rich, then—marshmallow, toasted peanuts, maple cream—all in one, the tasty candy treat supreme.

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Candy

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Rhythmic Playing

"Children should be allowed a wide freedom of expression in rhythmic play, or dancing in response to the suggestion of rhythm or form in a musical selection."—Advertisement.

Now they give us rhythmic play
To set the children up to-day;
And all the nicer girls and boys,
Instead of making lots of noise,
And raising loud, discordant cries,
Will yell in pleasant harmonies.

Lester, Leopold, and Sammy
(Worse than I at their age, damme!)
Take a phonograph to school
And rhythmically break a rule;
Here comes little Tommy home,
Skipping to a metronome;
Why is baby in a fret? Oh,
He is teething *allegretto*;
And his little sister, Jane,
Howls in great chromatic pain.
Reginald's most recent crime
Is stealing jam in two-four time!

"Blessings on thee, little man,"
Product of the welfare clan—
Those who give you days of rhythm;
As for me, to thunder with 'em!

D. McC.



You can play a CONN

Easiest of all instruments to play, the Conn saxophone is also hailed best by famous stars.

Play popular tunes in short time.
Big money, lots of fun for you.
Free Trial—Easy Payments.
C. G. Conn Ltd., Elkhart, Ind.

1021 Conn Building **CONN**

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

Direct from the Sting Dynasty

(Continued from page 10)

shop, his eyes alight with determination. It was even as he had said. At a two-hundred-dollar, check-on-the-spot offer the princely vendor wilted. The vases were Dick's, and the shipping address in St. Louis was duly transcribed.

"Won't she be tickled!" he gloated, with no small amount of satisfaction at his own shrewdness.

Lucy was taking Ted to New York for school outfitting, while Dick went straight through. There was plenty of time for the vases to arrive and be in place before Lucy's homecoming.

A week later he stood in the St. Louis station, his heart inside grinning with the anticipation of her joy. During the drive home she rattled happily of her New York stop-over, the theatres, restaurants, Ted's school, the shops...and that reminded her.

"Dick," she said with a strange solemnity, "you know those purple vases?"

He beamed his assent.

"I went down the day after you left—and they were gone! But I have a confession to make. I saw an even lovelier pair in New York...and I couldn't resist them. They cost a little more than the others...three hundred and...why, Dick, what is the matter with you? You look positively ill."

What to Do with Summer Things

BUNDLE up cards received from vacationists. Soak bundle in oil. Great for starting a fire.

Cut tennis ball in half. Grow fur inside with hair tonic. Makes a beautiful set of ear-muffs.

Take down porch swing. Set swing on floor in parlor. You can keep the baby behind it all winter.

Most sunburn cures are better than lard for frying meats.

Take flower box from window. Place on floor. Fill box with iron. Nice for burglars to stumble over.

Bore two holes in edge of light summer thimble, fastening wire for handle. Dandy coal scuttle.

White summer trousers may be worn in winter by coating with striped paint. Buy small pin stripe.

Bore hole in baseball bat. Fill hole with lead. Use bat on first man saying, "Is it cold enough for you?"

T. S.



Your own flower garden this winter in California

a joyful journey there—

-choice of 4 daily trains.
-Pullmans via Grand Canyon National Park.
open all the year

Fred Harvey meals "all the way"



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America's Leading Diamond Importers

For over 47 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been the leading diamond importing concern selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike—all over the world—at importing prices. Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.



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This one carat diamond is of good brilliancy. Mounted in Ladies' style 14K solid gold setting. Order this diamond, make any comparisons you wish—money refunded if this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our price direct to you..... **\$145.00**



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Perfectly cut diamond. Mounted in all Platinum Ring. The ring is richly carved and pierced in a handsome lace work pattern.

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1 carat -	108.00
1 1/2 carats -	217.00
2 carats -	290.00
3 carats -	435.00

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Ladies' White Gold Diamond Ring \$75.00

Perfectly cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four smaller perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds on the sides. The ring is 18K solid white gold, beautifully pierced and carved.

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

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President

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Paris Bulletin from Archy

aunt prudence hecklebury lies on her bed moaning and groaning wishing she were dead aunt prudence hecklebury tosses on her couch and all that she says is ouch ouch ouch aunt prudence hecklebury rouses and screams when the sights she has seen move through her dreams first aunt prudence went to the louvre then wrote the government they really should remove some of those statues right out of france or else give them skirts or else give them pants skirts on the venus trousers on apollo a great moral uplift surely would follow maybe the government never got the note for the louvre is just the same as before she wrote aunt prudence hecklebury rode around town with her whole being twisted into a frown aunt prudence hecklebury moans and twitches wakes now and then and cries out breeches oh give them breeches please give them breeches aunt prudence hecklebury on her bed of pain screams now and then and clutches at her brain for aunt prudence went to the folies bergere mother hubbards cupboard wasnt half as bare some wear smiles and some wear paint but otherwise their clothes just simply aint dear aunt prudence why did you do it prudence prudence prudence i knew that youd rue it in a lucid moment she said after this i hardly know whether to call myself miss she saw what she saw and she heard what she heard and limbs aint the word for it limbs aint the word aunt prudence hecklebury in her darkened room murmurs there is rest only in the tomb she saw what she saw and she heard what she heard and nude aint the word for it nude aint the word aunt prudence hecklebury fevered on her couch her whole beings turned into an ouch

archy

—Don Marquis, in New York Tribune.

Disalming

THE TRAMP (who has entered a country grocery but notices a policeman): . . . and so I humbly ask if you would kindly — give a fellow — your daughter's hand!

—Kasper (Stockholm).

Last Scene of All

By the time he is ninety years old, John Barrymore thinks he may be able to play Hamlet satisfactorily. Ah, but at that age he will want to play Romeo.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"How well does Mrs. Judson sing?"

"Well, if you've never heard her you've something to look backward to."

—Nashville Tennessean.



TRADE MARK REG
U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK



"GOOD LAND! HAS HE REALLY RUN OVER AS MANY AS THAT?"
—Karikaturen (Christiania).

Milano

Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something fine about it"

\$3.50 and up at the better smoke shops

Wm. DEMUTH & Co
NEW YORK

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 20)

vindicated by the second shock, during which the side of the building fell out, but to this day George cannot help regarding that particular earthquake as not so much a convulsion of nature as a rehearsal of the Six Bounding Ginsburgs' act.

* * *

The plight of the aviator who went up 16,000 feet to advertise Mayor Hylan's jubilee and then forgot how to spell "jubilee," is as nothing compared with that of the scientists who brought thirty-foot cameras and bulky instruments of precision to Point Loma, California, for the purpose of observing a total eclipse of the sun. The eclipse was "billed to show" on September 10th, at 12:57 P. M., and on September 9th a heavy fog blanketed the entire coast of Southern California. However, it is hard to shake the confidence of the Californian in his ordinarily benign climate. He came in his ten thousands by train and automobile and strewed the highways with fragments of smoked glass, so that a tire dealer said to me:

"I could stand one of them total ee-clipses twice a month anyway."

And speaking of ee-clipses, I have noticed that while people will pro-

Milo VIOLETS

The boudoir cigarette—
gold-tipped, delicately
flavored, daintily boxed

Exquisite package
of ten—25¢

also packed in
de-luxe boxes of
100—\$2.50



Tobacco Products Corporation, New York

nounce the words "real estate" correctly, they call the property of a decedent his *ess*-state, just as they refer to the custodian of a decedent's children as the guard-*dee*-an.

* * *

THE 1916-17 model automobile and the 1916-17 model propaganda are now regarded as having been improperly equipped with brakes. Therefore the 1923 model automobile is provided with brakes on all four wheels and has been enthusiastically adopted by the American public, which, however, is still using the old 1916-17 model propaganda. In spite of impassioned protests from William Archer and others, we continue to roll along in the vehicle which in 1916 was designed upon the principle that the French can do no wrong without brakes. This regrettable absence of brakes, together with the momentum gained since 1916, is all that stands in the way of our accepting Mr. Archer's brand-new 1923 anti-French propaganda. It is, however, quite enough.

Statistical Note

If all the hyphens in America were laid end to end they would form the line which some people are now trying to draw.

Philosophy

FAR out beyond the azure line
Where the heavens join the sea,
That's where my own true lover roves,
And roving—thinks of me.

I would not have him on the shore
A-pining for the sea.
'Tis better far he rove out there,
And roving—pine for me.

L. A.



"DON'T YOU GO IN THE WATER?"
"WHY SHOULD I? THIS BATHING
SUIT CAN'T SHRINK ANY MORE."
—Buen Humor (Madrid).



STACOMB keeps any kind of hair in place—just as it's combed. Dry and brittle, soft and fluffy, stiff and wiry hair—all kinds controlled by STACOMB.

Leaves hair soft and lustrous. Excellent after a shampoo, or a swim. Insist on STACOMB—the original—in black and yellow package. At all drug counters.

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Address _____



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Just Returned From My Vacation,
Glad to Meet You All Again.
Now, about subscribing—



Life

is going to have so much in it this winter, book reviews, editorials, the newest joke, the very latest bit of fun, that you will surely miss it if you don't subscribe. Fun is good for everybody. You laughed on your vacation. Now subscribe, and laugh at home too, all the year. Laughter lightens many a trouble, and LIFE has a Laugh on Every Page. Try it for six months or else try our

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Madison Avenue Restaurant



She (after a long silence): FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,
FREDDY, SAY IT!



Own Your Own Hohner

Do they wait for the men to make the music? Never again! Watch those rosebud lips luring the heart throbs from the sentimental Hohner! It's a whole orchestra in itself.

SWEET-SIXTEEN HARMONY

Hohners for girls is the latest fad. You can learn to play beautiful music in an hour on this monarch of mouth organs. Get one for yourself and be the life of the party. Give them to your friends Christmas. No other gift for the price will be half as welcome. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York" for a copy. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

To a New Writing Machine

THE hour\$ I sspend withthEE, dear heartt ,

Are like A string of yeARS to Me.. I sppreaD myffingerss Every ONE and stART

My druDGdgery.

Each wOrd A meSS, ,EA?h page a Bblend

Of addled Wit an% NERVESUN-strungg; ;

I bung#le up eaCH Line / — and atthe en%d

The bell IS RUNg &&?.

OHh Thoug#ts t*at FULMIate and b7rn !

Oh., sqrcmbled WORds, and hOpes be trayyed?!

I PPound eac*h Key,an%d STRive atlat to LEARN

TO Make th3 grq%de OO GOSSH

To make THE grADE ? % !

C. R. S.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Some New Books

ONE Samuel Johnson, an impetuous character who used to hang around a good deal at the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, is coming into quite a sizable reputation in literature. Not long ago one of our most literary writers, A. Edward Newton, used him as the subject of a play, highly readable but not adapted to the boards. In this production Miss Fanny Burney is made to give a fillip to the fancy by reflecting the legendary lexicographer and champ heavyweight journalist in the rôle of a ladies' man. Comes now Colonel John Buchan and in a tale called "Midwinter" (Doran) introduces the shabby scholar in the novel character of a soldier, with incidents founded upon supposititious unpublished papers found in the hand of Boswell. Johnson as a near-soldier, rigged out in a yeoman's second-hand riding-coat and with a heavy cut-and-thrust blade, appears as a pretty bad actor; it is his well-worn moral fervor, as expressed in sounding periods lifted not over-dexterously from the Boswellian pages, which does his heart honor. It is a well-known fact, or it is a fact which should be well known, that university professors everywhere sit up all night reading Buchan. As a yarnist, who "since Stevenson?" and so forth. As a tale of high adventure, "Midwinter" has, indeed, all the "ingredients" of its model. But does the thing come off in a way that gets you particularly?

JULIAN STREET is a youth (who has been going on for some considerable time, at that) with a frolicsome turn for social satire. His book of short stories, "Cross Sections" (Doubleday, Page), is in the vein of his "Welcome to Our City," which will be recalled by old-timers. He is not one of these, now, devastating iconoclasts; he's merely out for a lark. Wild oats like.

How that lad, Arthur Train, can sling ink! His latest volume is aimed (unerringly) at the honest character who demands "good stories," and who will leap up and yell when he has come to the end of one he downright likes. "Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt" (Scribner) is the new collection of Mr. Tutt stories, in which gusto is piled on with a dripping brush. In his wily tussle with crime, the adroit old lawyer with his old-school make-up is as full of smart tricks as ever. It seems rather rash to undertake to dispute any detail of Mr. Train's Criminal Courts Building atmosphere, and yet it is hard to believe that Billy the Bloodhound ever used the expression "an icicle in Hades."

R. C. H.



A cigarette that has the respect of its makers

We make these cigarettes conscientiously, of carefully selected and blended tobaccos. We pack them jealously in a new and specially designed package that keeps them fresh, unbroken, and uncrushed to the last.

So the smoker who takes his cigarette with some seriousness is given a cigarette in prime condition, and in its original form. He's not to be embarrassed by having to fish out crushed, bent, and disreputable-looking cigarettes that he hesitates to offer a friend or to smoke in public.

Furthermore, a cigarette with its original form and aroma preserved will smoke with much greater satisfaction to anyone with a trained "smoking sense."

The Reedsdale is not exactly "an exclusive cigarette for the ultra-fastidious," but it is for men to whom cigarette smoking conveys a fairly substantial pleasure.

It suits many men

Whether you will like this cigarette is a matter we cannot prophesy with certainty. It may fit your taste and it may not.

Many men do prefer the Reedsdale to all other cigarettes they have tried. We expect that, in time, Reedsdale smokers will constitute a goodly proportion of American cigarette smokers.

But we are sure that you will like and appreciate the container in which these cigarettes are sold and carried in the pocket.

So we might suggest that you buy your first package of Reedsdale Cigarettes because of the way in which they are packed. Other factors being equal in your mind, this package alone will make it worth your while to switch to Reedsdale.

Popularly priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, return the four remaining packages and we will refund your dollar. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 101 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Gray Hair Restored



Please Accept a Trial Bottle

I offer the scientific preparation which bears my name solely on its merit. So I send a trial bottle free to prove exactly what it is and what it will do. Mail coupon for patented Free Trial package, which contains trial bottle with full directions for making test on a single lock.

This test will prove how perfectly my Restorer works, how the restored color is so even and natural it defies detection.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing "single lock" test. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman,
48-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

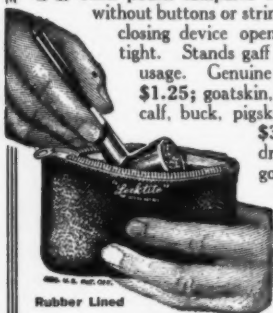
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This Pouch Excels

KEEPS tobacco in prime condition. No other pouch compares with it. Made without buttons or strings. Exclusive closing device opens easy, closes tight. Stands gaff of long, rough usage. Genuine suede leather, \$1.25; goatskin, \$1.50; velvet calf, buck, pigskin or pin seal, \$3. Sold at cigar, drug and leather goods stores. If dealer cannot supply, we will send on receipt of price.



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The F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



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With nine superior claims, the finest in the world. Made on flesh color foundations.

Illustrated catalogue sent free.

LOMBARD, BAMBINA CO.

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There's No Place Like Home

WELL, there isn't. There's no place like it.

Even if we do gaze longingly at photographs of distant paradises and sigh sadly.

Even if we do talk about taking trips around the world, or embarking on expeditions to the North Pole, or setting out for the South Seas.

There's something about the other places that never measures up to home.

There's something about them that we can't help missing.

Our slippers aren't laid out for us in the same way.

The bed doesn't feel half so cozy.

The coffee doesn't taste nearly so good.

And we never know where to look for the glue or the thumb-tacks.

It isn't the same when we awake in the morning.

Of course, there are all sorts of astonishing sights to see at other places.

But, somehow, we'd rather be comfortable than see sights.

Then, there isn't the same being used to things.

And there isn't the same feeling of ease.

We can knock it all we want to, and say we're tired of the old place, but just give us a few days somewhere else, and we're ready to hop back on the jump.

Then we'll swear that there's no place in the world that can touch it.

C. G. S.

Books Received

The Man Himself: the Nazarene, by Rollin Lynde Hartt (Doubleday, Page).
Butterfly, by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page).
The Story of Mrs. Tubbs, by Hugh Lofting (Stokes).
Patuffa, by Beatrice Harraden (Stokes).
The Veiled Empress, by Benjamin A. Morton (Putnam).
Tetherstones, by Ethel M. Dell (Putnam).
Timber-Wolf, by Jackson Gregory (Scribner).
The Vagaries of Tod and Peter, by L. Allen Harker (Scribner).
Ellen Prior, by Alice Brown (Macmillan).
Bunk, by W. E. Woodward (Harper).
Weeds, by Edith Summers Kelley (Harcourt, Brace).
Children of the Way, by Anne C. E. Al-
linson (Harcourt, Brace).
The Book of the American Indian, by
Hamlin Garland (Harper).
The Soul of Kol Nikon, by Eleanor Far-
jeon (Stokes).
The Lone Wolf Returns, by Louis Joseph
Vance (Dutton).
Gods of Modern Grub Street, by A. St.
John Adcock and E. O. Hoppe (Stokes).
Von Tassel and Big Bill, by Henry H.
Curran (Scribner).
As I Like It, by William Lyon Phelps
(Scribner).
A Lost Lady, by Willa Cather (Knopf).
Janse Douw's Descendants, by Ida F.
Humphreys (Dorrance).
So This Is America! by John Clarence
Funk (Dorrance).
The Thing at Their Heels, by Harrington
Hext (Macmillan).
Ain't Angie Awful! by Gelett Burgess
(Dorrance).
A Publisher's Confession, by Walter H.
Page (Doubleday, Page).
Sarah Bernhardt, by Sir George Arthur
(Doubleday, Page).
Through the Magic Door, by A. Conan
Doyle (Doubleday, Page).
The English Wonder, by A. S. M. Hutchin-
son (Little, Brown).
Different Gods, by Violet Quirk (Holt).

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\$19.50 POSTPAID

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Goerz, Schutz, etc.

Purchased from Allied Reparations Commission at favorable rates of exchange and imported prior to the advance in the U. S. Tariff, these genuine prism binoculars represent a very unusual opportunity.

Manufactured by makers of the finest lenses in the world, under strict military supervision; used by high officers of the German army and navy, they cannot be surpassed at any price.

All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. Shipped on receipt of check or money order under positive guarantee of full cash refund for any glasses returned.

ORDER YOUR PRISM GLASS
TODAY

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Importers

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A Business Snapshot

GREAT EXECUTIVE: I am hiring you, Jones, for the accounting department because I believe you to be a man with initiative—one who will work wholeheartedly for the firm. Don't hesitate to co-operate with us in effecting better methods, and remember, the right application will insure your success here. Now go to it, my boy, and I will keep my eye on you.

JONES: Thank you, sir; this is just the opportunity I have been looking for. I'll try to deserve promotion.

(One Year Later)

GREAT EXECUTIVE (to stenographer): Take this memo to the office manager—"Although Jones of the accounting department is somewhat of a nuisance with his constant suggestions and hanging around after office hours, I understand he is an excellent man on the books. Keep him on them and raise his pay five dollars a month."

J. V. E.